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all golden and of the rarest stuff of life, and they testify that the best of life is, precisely, living.

Like a tree in unusual seasons, the "Mermaid Series" has suddenly and delightfully begun to grow again. At the moment it offers the whole body of Greene's* undisputed drama, with a long and carefully critical introduction. It is a long way from such genial and liberal essays of the old days, as Symonds and Swinburne, for instance, used to prefix to this ardent and argumentative editing; but old days are over and the critical apparatus is deftly handled. To have Greene handy and at hand is a great pleasure—Greene, who is really so sympathetic to us, with his ringing verses, his echoes of his betters and anticipations of the best; with his Anglo-Saxon humor, his equally racial sense for the world out-of-doors; best of all, his positively Victorian conception of wifely devotion and fresh-faced maidenhood.

This might be called the book of platitudes and paradoxes, for it aims not at novelty, but at certainty, and it comes fresher to us than anything written yesterday. The translation seems likely; at any rate, it is admirable; sententious, alive, compact of humor and dignity. To those unacquainted personally with the Chinese sage† it cannot be too heartily commended. It is the finest conceivable embodiment of the purely pagan spirit, the secular ideal of life. Neither Aristotle nor Dante, Browning nor Newman, makes a finer portrait of a gentleman. Courtesy, courage and culture—that is about the formula, but each virtue is at its highest power. "A gentleman is calm and spacious; the vulgar are always fretting." "Not for one moment may a gentleman sin against love; not in flurry and haste, nor yet in utter overthrow." "Rate the task above the prize." "The Master said: 'To learn the truth at daybreak and die at eve were enough.'" He sums up the gentleman in five paradoxes and then explains them thus: "To further what furthers the people, is not that kindness with-

* "Robert Greene." Edited with introduction and notes by Thomas H. Dickinson. "The Mermaid Series." London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.

† "The Sayings of Confucius." Translated by Leonard A. Lyall. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1909.

out waste? If burdens be sorted to strength, who will grumble? To covet love and win love, is that sordid? Few or many, small or great, all is one to a gentleman; he dare not slight any man. Is not this to be high-minded and not proud? A gentleman straightens his robe and settles his face. He is stern and men look up to him with dread. Is not this to inspire awe and not fear?"

To sportsmen or to simple lovers of woods and dogs, deer and rabbits,* it is delightful to have the oldest English book on hunting brought within reach as the first edition of his reprint was not. Yet, barring size and splendor of effect, little is lost in the condensation. There are still many miniatures, delicious, often droll, always recognizable in respect of dogs and game both; there is still an appendix upon ancient terms of venery. And the book itself, which is just a younger contemporary of Chaucer's, has all Chaucer's freshness, love of the open sky and the fragrant woodland, all bird-song and dew and sun through greenery. Withal it has some surprises for the reader, even to the assumption that the huntsman when he gets home will want his bath before his bed. Pretty good, that, for early fifteenth-century England!

* "The Master of Game." By Edward, second Duke of York. Edited by William A. and F. Baillie-Grohman, with a foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Duffield & Co., 1909.